

The Critic

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NEW YORK, JULY 11, 1891

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Literature

Mr. Howells's "Criticism and Fiction"

A READER might be plunged into a little 'symbolic doubt' as to whether it is a torch or a scourge that one hand is committing to another on the title-page of Mr. Howells's dainty homilies. The smoke issuing from the dish after the cover is lifted reveals, however, the smouldering fires of an Achillean wrath; and the symbolism is explained: Erostratus setting fire to the temple of Ephesus! The views of an artist on his art are always interesting—autobiographically if not artistically. True, the artist may be all promise without performance, as in the case of Ruskin, whose word-painting is virtually all the painting he has done. But in other cases—in Mr. Howells's, for instance—there is the suggestive dualism of work and theory, of novels written first and plans and projections (architecturally speaking) published afterwards. All along people have watched these little temples and structures of Mr. Howells's rising at intervals on the corners of Vanity Fair, full of the hum of busy human voices, teaming with sounds most life-like and natural; and they have wondered whether they 'grewed just so,' like Topsy, or whether, like Leonardo's work, each had a plan underlying it, a diaphanous theory tenuous yet tough, holding the filaments together and capable of being thrown continuously on the literary screen for the study and observation of his fellow-craftsmen.

One of the charms of 'Criticism and Fiction,' after the first appetizing *soufflon* of vermouth has vanished away, is its indirect autobiographic confession of ways and means, of methods and theories of work, of impulse and realization in the author's own literary doing. 'A tale is a thing that tells something,' cries the English critic fiercely, aiming at the occupant of the Hilda's Tower of the Harpers. The Occupant, however, severely asserts that a tale is a thing that tells nothing: it presents, it delineates a state of society, it is a mirror neither concentrative nor dispersive, but broad and flat, so that the entire impression may be received, faithful and true as life itself. It is because Balzac and Sir Walter are not true, or only partly true, that Mr. Howells has wrought and flung his thunderbolts at them. But may not Howells's own perception of truth be myopic—be like those heraldic shields that are dimidiated—cut in halves: only half the truth? Again, a very famous contention of these literary encyclicals is that which has to do with the anonymity of critics. Critics, contends this critic, are 'caterpillars' who exist only because the books they feed on go before. And yet the silkworm is a caterpillar by which beautiful things are wrought. Of such caterpillars are Ste. Beuve, and Julian Schmidt, and even Mr. Howells himself, when he writes of the Italian poets. True, they sign their names; but Homer did not, nor did the author of Job. The world itself is an anonymous creation.

Mr. Howells, however, seems only half in a 'pucker' when he is penning his paradoxes. His booklet abounds in truths felicitously expressed, as when he describes Tour-

guéneff as a thorough American in his methods, praises the truthfulness and delicacy of Miss Austen and the numerous 'misses' who write Tennessean and New Englandese, and flays the old-fashioned Christmas stories that deal in the supernatural. To Mr. Howells nothing is nature that is not natural. Washington Irving first discovered Christmas for the moderns and Dickens glorified the discovery; but the new Atlantis became immediately peopled with demons and ghosts, and has drifted so far from commonsense as to become again a purely mythological region. From these well-known fields Mr. Howells wanders off to Andalusia and the new Spanish school, in which he finds abundance to admire, as he does in the extraordinary talent of Henry James. Indeed, no one can say that he belongs to the *nil admiraris*.

Meredith's "One of Our Conquerors"

IN 'THE SOUL OF MAN under Socialism'—one of the articles in which Mr. Oscar Wilde coquettes with Truth so inscrutably as to make one believe that his intentions are serious—occurs the statement that 'A true artist takes no notice whatever of the public: the public are to him non-existent.' In support of this he says, speaking of George Meredith's novels:—'And he who made them, those wonderful, quick-moving figures, made them for his own pleasure, and has never asked the public what they wanted, has never cared to know what they wanted, has never allowed the public to dictate to him or influence him in any way, but has gone on intensifying his own personality and producing his own individual work. And when we realize that it is six years since 'Diana of the Crossways' was published, and that it is almost within this time that Meredith has gained what might be called popularity, we understand how little the approval of the literary world has quickened the pulse of his achievement. How little its groans have tempered his style may be seen in 'One of Our Conquerors'—his latest and one of his most characteristic novels. Briefly outlined, the story of 'One of Our Conquerors' is this: 'A youngster tempted by wealth, attracted, besought, snared,' marries a Mrs. Burman, many years his senior. After unspeakable revulsions he falls in love with the 'beautiful Nataly, the priceless fair woman living under their roof, a contrast of very life with the corpse and shroud; and seen by him daily, singing with him, her breath about him, her voice upon every chord of his being.' Victor Radnor leaves Mrs. Burman Radnor in her house in Regent Park—leave her to her 'diseases and drugs,' and begins life anew with Nataly. The story opens long after this has occurred, and when Victor has become distinguished and rich and he and Nataly have made their house the scene of delightful gatherings and concerts, and when their darling Fredi is entering womanhood and has yet to learn—and, Nataly fears, to judge—the step which they have taken.

Unapproachable as the book is in its relation of spirit, we cannot speak of it with sustained enthusiasm. It is too uneven. The reader opens a cartload of disappointing oysters to find one pearl. The people are well chosen, the author's presentation of Nataly's character and position is magnificent, as is also his conquering into time and space the volatile intangibilities of Victor's character. His championship of woman's development is discriminate and fine as one would expect from the writer of 'Rhoda Fleming'; and his perceptions, when we catch them, are true and sincere. But what acres of underbrush, seemingly cultivated! Carlyle's tanglewood of words grows wild and you excuse it; but for a man to waste his time in cultivating bramble-bushes is a waste in a double sense; and the orchids of thought which with nature's exuberance and lavish carelessness Meredith sometimes buries among the briars do not always repay one for the stinging intellectual irritation to which he has been subjected. We bore much in 'The

* Criticism and Fiction. By W. D. Howells. With Portrait. \$1. Harper & Bros.

* One of Our Conquerors. By George Meredith. \$1.50. (Authorized Edition.) Roberts Bros.

Egoist' and in 'Diana,' because of their interpretation of truth, and bore it humbly; but more we cannot stand—and while as of old he gives you flashing epigrams, he has here piled Ossa on Pelion, and we cannot always clear the height. Nevertheless, the simple theme of the book is profoundly impressive, and from the bump which Victor, in the first chapter, received on London Bridge, as he was meditating the delight of telling Nataly and Fredi of the splendid Lakelands which he had just finished, building, down to the anticipated speech on the eve of the election for Parliament, it is a long, subtle manifestation of the thinking, acting, loving man and the impression his nature makes upon the world about him. For Victor Radnor was not the passive recipient of life's unforeseen bestowals—the man subject to his environment. On the contrary, 'he had ideas, he mastered fortune. . . . Naturally he was among the happiest of human creatures; he willed it so with consent of circumstances. A boisterous consent, as when votes are reckoned for a favorite candidate.' Victor saw himself ever as acquitted before a broad-minded tribunal of his peers. The position of defendant was not a distasteful one to think of. It gave him the delight of conquering assent to his Nataly's perfection and nobility in renouncing her woman's peace to be his comrade.

And Nataly? 'Her surrender might be likened to the detachment of a flower on the river bank by swell of flood; she had no longer root of her own; away she sailed through beautiful scenery with occasionally a crashing fall, a turmoil emergence from a vortex, and once more the sunny, whirling surface. Strange to think she had not since then power to grasp in her abstract mind a notion of steadfastness without or within.' This chapter, where Victor, dressed for dinner, even to the white flower in his button-hole, enters Nataly's room and discloses to her the fact of Lakelands, is to us the master one of the whole book. With the swing of conviction gained from the mid-day's bottle of old Veuve in his words, he speaks of Mrs. Burman's expected death in time for the entry into Lakelands, preluded by a little altar scene, while Nataly crushes back into her heart the longing for a little cottage where they may live unobserved. 'Whither he led, let her go, not only submissively, exultingly.' And Victor thought of the closing scene after Mrs. Burman's death, and Nataly, 'who might have to go through a short sharp term of scorching, Godiva to the gossips,' would come out of it glorified. Yet poor Nataly was never glorified in the eyes of the world, nor the formal entrance to Lakelands made, nor Victor elected to Parliament. She died five hours before Mrs. Burman—and Victor died, too, in mind.

Mr. Leland's "Gypsy Sorcery"*

THIS CURIOUS and remarkable book contains but one side of a curious and remarkable mind. Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland is so many-sided or so many-minded that one is hardly startled to find him alternately translating Heine and writing 'Breitmann' ballads, establishing art-schools and wandering in the delightful Land of Cockayne, tenting with gypsies and carving mediæval fancies in wood, pursuing Algonkin and Scandinavian folk-lore and studying palmistry in the regions of Bohemia. He is himself an incarnation of that *vie de Bohème* so pleasantly remembered by Murger and Gautier and Loti, and all the charming Arabs of latter and former days—sheikhs not of Islān but of the Most High Ego. Mr. Leland's Bohemianism, however, has not been aimless or artistic: he is an anthropologist and linguist, and, like the author of 'The Bible in Spain,' carries other things in his knapsack besides Bibles and missions.

The volume before us is one of the wallets of this knapsack,—a very capacious one, indeed, deep as the old-fashioned saddle-bags and packed to the brim with the author's gleanings among the gypsies and their sorceries. The gyp-

sies have been the go-betweens of all nations. They were international carriers before post and telegraph were thought of. In their ancient travels westward from the warm Indias and Afghanistan, over the gleaming cones of Caucasus and the glowing rose-fields of Persia, down through Syrian star-lights and the wizard verdure of Egypt, they toiled and gathered and gave out wisdom as they went, preserving ever intact their mongrel Sanskrit jargon and adding richly to their stores of magic and medicine as they wandered. The lands in which they lingered longest seem to have been Egypt and Bohemia: hence the world-wide association of these names with the customs and characteristics of the gypsies. Mr. Leland takes these interesting people and systematically anatomizes that little pouch or packet of their psychology which contains all the marvellous odds and ends of the gypsy creed in magic, their incantations, their oral dream-books, charms and conjuries, the cures and philtres, the amulets and spells that teem in gypsy memories. No book, Mr. Leland affirms, except the Bible and the almanac, is so universally disseminated as the dream-book; and much of its mystic lore emanates, drop by drop, like a glittering poison, from gypsy concoctions or gypsy treasures. We well remember, one Andalusian day, sitting at twilight in the shadow of the Alhambra and having the mysterious hieroglyphics in our palm read by one of the five thousand zingaris who burrow in the hillsides of Granada. Mr. Leland has read in gypsy eyes and tongues innumerable runes, and brings this book as a record of his readings. His style shows that he has not studied Heine in vain: it is vivacious and piquant in a high degree: *la haute magie* has communicated itself to the language, and enabled the writer to charm his reader. Roumanian and Slavic folk-lore find abundant place in the chapters, and the autobiographic flavor of the book gives many a pleasant thought to the student as he speculates on the extensive erudition of the writer and the expense of so delightful a hobby. Matthew Arnold and George Eliot both immortalized the gypsy; and now Mr. Leland writes his memoirs in magic.

Jókai's "There is No Devil"*

THE OLD-FASHIONED novel-reader, who prefers incident and dramatic situation to the psychological studies in vogue to-day, will find 'There is No Devil' a work after his own heart. Indeed, there is something remote and primitive about the artistic atmosphere of the book; something which recalls the

days endeared to every Muse,
When nobody has any Views.

And in spite of the airs we give ourselves, it cannot be denied that the class of readers to which such a story appeals is a large one, and one which is by no means deficient in culture. And after all, the culture which does not enlarge one's capacity for enjoyment is plainly imperfect.

One perceives at a glance the qualities which have endeared Jókai to the richly-endowed, high-spirited Hungarian people. His fire and animation, his quick eye for the picturesque, his power of vivid description—his chromatic quality, in short, would naturally commend his writings to that color-loving race. In the present volume the narrative of the Rossberg catastrophe, by which a railway train was wrecked and burned in an Alpine landslide, is a masterpiece of word-painting. Of Hungarian local color, however, there is comparatively little, and one wishes for more such bits as the lively account of a contested election to the provincial Parliament, which Jókai has treated with much humor. Hungarian politicians could give points to our shrewdest election managers, if the story of Tóth János, whose front teeth were extracted in order that he might personate a deceased voter, is founded on fact. Evidently the fierce joy of electioneering is a universal passion, like love or gambling.

* Gypsy Sorcery. By Charles Godfrey Leland. Illustrated by the Author. \$4. Charles Scribner's Sons.

* There is No Devil. By Maurus Jókai. Translated from the Hungarian by F. Steinitz. \$1. Cassell Publishing Co.

The cardinal incident of the romance reminds one strongly of a similar scene in the 'Maid's Tragedy' of Beaumont and Fletcher. The comparison, however, is all in favor of the English authors, whose noble drama is one of the foremost works of any age. Their treatment of a painful subject is consistent and intelligible, whereas Jókai, for the sake of a conventional 'happy ending,' has blurred the portrait of his heroine, the Countess Flamma. This high-born lady lends herself to a shameful deception, exhibits herself in an odious light to her husband, and unaccountably neglects to clear her character, which she might have done with a word. The fatal misunderstanding is terminated at length, but not until the wretched husband has suffered agonies of shame, jealousy and rage, and come frightfully near to irretrievable shipwreck. This defect, however, will not seriously interfere with the reader's enjoyment of a striking book.

Jókai himself has had a remarkable career, and some of his adventures possess a romantic interest. A year after his marriage he joined the insurgents in the Hungarian Revolution, was taken prisoner, and sentenced to be shot. 'His bride appeared upon the scene with her pockets full of the money she had made by the sale of her jewels, and, bribing the guards, escaped with her husband into the birch woods, where they hid in caves and slept on leaves, all the time in danger of their lives, until they finally found their way to Buda-Pesth and liberty.' Although but little known in America, he is the author of several hundred volumes, which have had great success in his native land.

"Cabin and Plantation Songs" *

MUCH NEGRO psychology lies imbedded in 'Cabin and Plantation Songs,' not of the absurd caricature kind aired on the boards by so-called Negro minstrels, but genuine, real, immemorial. Hampton School is a little world in itself, a microcosm, where five or six hundred elect specimens of the race are annually gathered to work out their educational problem, and where the old plantation melodies are kept alive by ever-renewed and ever-returning waves of students session after session. These waves flow up from the far South, where music is at home and the native Negro genius for song ripens in the deep woods, on the remote bayous, among the cotton-bolls and tossing cane-fields, along the picturesque sea-islands and among the tar-pine forests of the Carolinas. Six of the States are thick with Negro lives lived under conditions of the simplest kind, in the open air, under the sun, among the wild-woods, along the streams. Immediate contact with nature there is perpetual, and nature's inflowing influences react upon constitutions plastic to external effects, sensitive to sounds, pliant to superstition, waving and tossing in the clutch of religious dread, yet yielding and gentle to humane voices. It is not wonderful that such lives should find solace in song. The Switzer similarly situated sings his *rans des vaches*, and shepherds have from times unnumbered sung away their solitude alike on Chaldean and Sicilian hills. The dusky Endymions of the South have been kissed by Dian as they watched their flocks, and the caress has turned to a plantation song. Thus, probably, the hymns of the Vedas and the Eddas and the obelisk-hymns of Egyptian shepherd-kings came into being, thrilling with the fresh life of peasants and mountaineers, instinct with a spiritual force denied more artificial civilizations, and indestructible in their vague yet tender melody. The Negro is essentially plaintive by nature, attuned to elegy and pathos, dreamy, sensuous; his mind runs on hymns, and hymns run in his mind as in their natural channel. His nature is channelled and corrugated by an immemorial rivulet of song, sprung it may be from his sufferings, but still more likely from his ethnic and ancient endowment. In this collection we have the fantastic Scripture imagery that passes through his mind set to an equally fantastic and touching gamut of sound, incoherent,

impassioned both, yet both characteristic of the confusion and music that reign side by side in the Negro mind. His hymns blend the New Jerusalem with far-off 'Nile notes' and equatorial reminiscences: the simple chords on which they hang trembling are alike weird and familiar, because they are of a composite architecture, Christian and fetish; and the heart of Darkest Africa throbs in them through all the veneering of the schools. 'They are the only American music,' said Dr. E. E. Hale; but they are American only in a geographical sense. In the same interesting collection other outcast nationalities sing their songs: there is a Sioux song, a Hawaiian melody, a muezzin call, a song of a Japanese laureate, and a Chinese lily-song furnished by Hampton students, showing not only the worldwide range of music itself, but the cosmopolitan character of Gen. Armstrong's excellent institution. Such a publication has a true scientific, almost archaeological, character, since the conditions of Negro life are rapidly changing, and soon there will be no more music to collect. Hampton School might prove an invaluable mine of folk-lore to one properly qualified to collect such data.

Robinson's Early English Literature *

PEOPLE OFTEN LAUGH and say:—'What is Anglo-Saxon, anyhow? Is it a mere fashionable fad? Is there anything worth studying in it,—anything that can really be called literature?' A glance into Dr. Clarke Robinson's volume before us will answer abundantly all these questions. Of the 30,000 lines of Anglo-Saxon poetry extant he has translated enough to show the variety, descriptive power, pathos, and animation of that antique genius which for six hundred years reigned supreme in Europe and overshadowed all European intellectual growths until the 'Chanson de Roland' and the 'Nibelungen Lied' came in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and the Eddas towered up in Iceland like streamers of the Northern Light, and the poems of the Cid grew to their wonderful music in Spain, and Dante awoke on Italy. Surely a literature of native growth which filled such circumference and such horizon,—a literature edited with passionate interest by such men as Grein, Wülker, Sweet, Zupitza, Ten Brink, Skeat, and a hundred illustrious names,—needs no apology for its introduction in popular form to the unlearned reader of our day interested in the feats of his ancestors and desirous of acquainting himself personally with them. People look on charts and maps and coins with enthusiasm, and study out unknown lands and civilizations thereby: why not inspect the living heart as it throbs in poem and sermon, in threnody and riddle, in epic and gnomic verse, and that heart still a-throb in their own bosoms?

Remarkable things are contained in this treasury of Anglo-Saxon verse, which exhibits 210 pages of translations and comment extending from the Prayer of Bede, through a long series of wonderful epics, martial and didactic poems to an Anglo-Norman poem on the Grave, of the times of Henry II., the 'Il Penseroso' of the collection. The translations are generally close and accurate, though they lack the finish and music of Miss Hickey's versions. Beowulf is very inadequately represented, and the method of printing the Anglo-Saxon originals is the now abandoned one of Grein and his obsolete school. This book appeared in England in 1885; otherwise its failure to mention American work in the same field would be inexcusable. Even as it is, an appendix might have been added referring to the editions and translations of Cook, Garnett, Hunt, MacLean, Kent, Baskervill, and the editors of 'The Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry.' Prof. Hall of William and Mary College has on the eve of publication an alliterative version of Beowulf (complete) which will probably surpass in spirit and accuracy any others as yet published.

* Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by Hampton Students. Arranged by T. P. Fenner and F. G. Rathbun. Enlarged edition. 50 cts. G. Putnam's Sons.

* Introduction to Our Early English Literature, from the Earliest Times to the Norman Conquest. By W. Clarke Robinson. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Some Text-Books of the Classics*

PROF. JOHN C. ROLFE has issued the text of Terence's Heauton Timorumenos (1), with stage directions in English, preparing the edition especially for use in sight-reading. The pages are open, the type well chosen; the introductions to the acts and scenes are for the most part clear and helpful. The method of the book is much to be commended. It is a good plan now and then to cut the student loose from the shackles of exhaustive commentary, to lead him to read Latin, as he would a piece of English or German, for the thought rather than for the construction.

Cæsar's 'Civil War' has received less attention at the hands of American students than it really deserves. Mr. Peskett's edition of the first book (2) will be welcome to many; for it shows the same broad but painstaking scholarship that characterized his edition of the 'Gallic War,' and will serve as an admirable introduction to the remaining books. The introductory matter is brief but comprehensive, the notes are well proportioned, and the appendix on the text is of merit.

Another classic unduly neglected among us (since Owen's edition passed out of date) is Xenophon's 'Cyropædia.' The volume before us (3) completes a new edition prepared by Mr. Holden for the Pitt Press Series. It would be hard to find a Greek book more attractive than this neat volume. The typography shows the best taste and skill of the Cambridge University Press. But more than that, the editor has the knack of giving his commentary a scholarly flavor, and at the same time of annotating just the points on which help is needed to enable the reader to pass rapidly and appreciatively over the text.

Prof. Lodge's 'Gorgias' (4) ranks easily as the best of the editions of Plato's Dialogues ('Apology and Crito,' 'Protagoras,' 'Gorgias') now included in the College Series of Greek Authors. Though using Cron's edition as a basis, the editor has shown both good judgment and good scholarship in working over the introduction and notes with a view to meeting the needs of American students.

There is a charm about the translation of the selections from Plato in the 'Talks with Athenian Youths' (5) that betrays a practiced hand. The translator has surpassed Jowett in her rendering of the author, and really brings out something of the vivacity and spirit of the Platonic Dialogue. The preface gives a clear introduction to the matter as well as the form of the masterpieces treated. The book is far above the average of the popularizations of classical writers now so much in vogue.

The appearance of three American editions of the same classical writer at the same time is an unusual event. That this has happened in the case of Livy is due not to any sudden increase of interest in the author, but to the fact that American college teachers have finally rebelled against the wretched text-books by Chase and by Lincoln which have so long held the field. Of the three editions referred to, that by Prof. Lord (6) is mediocre; the other two are worthy of consideration. Prof. Greenough's edition (7) of Books I. and II. is a model of good editing. The notes are clear and to the point, the rendering unusually felicitous, the outline of subject matter in the commentary well proportioned and of real help in following the thought. Prof. Westcott's book (8) also has commendable features. The text covers the parts of Livy most commonly read. The notes aim directly at the average freshman, not as he ought to be, but as he is, and are not overloaded with misplaced erudition. On the other hand, the outline of matter, in English, breaks up the text, and in some cases is so extended as to be almost confusing. In a college text-book, the commentary is the proper place for all such summaries. The text is set with too little paragraphing; there is often a whole page without a break to indicate a transition of thought. The notes contain many errors, partly typographical, partly not, and in more than one instance are awkwardly expressed. However, the commentary on Books XXI.-XXII. shows a decided improvement over that on the first. If the volume, as appears likely, is a first effort at book-making, it gives promise of excellent work in the future. At any rate it will contest the field with the edition by Prof. Greenough as a college text-book.

Mr. Spooner has provided the 'Histories' of Tacitus (9) with a commentary of unusual fullness. The introduction discusses at length the manuscripts and early editions of the 'Histories,' the writings of Tacitus, the sources from which he obtained his

facts, the condition of the provinces of the Roman Empire in the year A.D. 69, the characters of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, questions connected with the battles near Bedriacum, and the revolt of Civilis. The notes contribute to the elucidation of the author little that is new, but present a wide range of illustrative material in a condensed and generally satisfactory form. There is some needless repetition, which might easily have been avoided by cross-references. But as a whole the book is scholarly, and will meet with a cordial reception from readers of Tacitus.

Recent Fiction

FOUR VOLUMES of short stories come to us almost from the four points of the compass. Beginning with 'A Sappho of Green Springs,' the latest annals of the newest country, we have 'Otto the Knight,' tales from Arkansas; 'A Violin Obligato,' social studies of our Northern cities; and 'Mine Own People,' a selection of Rudyard Kipling's East Indian stories. We who can remember when the rising, brilliant style and faultless construction of 'The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Stories' were quite unique in English or American literature, and when Bret Harte was almost alone among our authors in the production of the short story, will be inclined to believe the truth of the minister's assertion when he declared that any one of his parishioners ought to be a better theologian than he, on the principle that lectures on a subject perfect a student, and they were privileged to hear over a hundred discourses a year while he could listen to none. Not that Mr. Harte's parishioners have exceeded the master's gift, but when we recall the list of present writers who excel in the short story, we realize how productive his teaching has been. 'A Sappho of Green Springs' is as delightful as it is dainty: as full of the knowledge of the human heart in its profoundest depths, as the white violet was suggestive of the silent, piney wood where the Sappho wrote her exquisite poems, and where the chivalrous Bowers, the big stalwart lumberman from Mendocino, found her one day where she was dreaming away the afternoon in thoughts of that fascinating and unscrupulous fellow, Jack Hamlin. But Sappho, being of a yielding as well as a poetic nature, did not throw herself into the blue Ægean, but trusted her life to the tender devotion of the splendid Bowers—as well she might. Indefensible from the view of probability as is 'A Mæcenas of the Pacific Slope,' the last one of four stories that compose the book, it is so charming in incident that it must be enjoyed without question. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'OTTO THE KNIGHT' contains a number of the trans-Mississippi stories whose locality Octave Thanet, by right of possession and an instinctive understanding, has made peculiarly her own field. The stories are full of the quaint dialect and homely sentiment, the limiting conditions of life and the crass ignorance of the place. 'The Conjured Kitchen' is one of the best tales of Negro superstition we know. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—MISS MARGARET CROSBY has entered a field of material where she has some of the most accomplished raconteurs for her competitors, but 'The Violin Obligato,' 'On the South Shore' and 'An Islander' (two tales of Nantucket which reproduce the very quality of the atmosphere of that exclusive little island), and 'The Diary of a Social Wreck' show that she has ability and verve enough to hold her own. We are glad to see the last-named story again, having long remembered it as a very clever bit of writing. 'A Mad Englishman' is also capital in conception if it is at times a little poor in quality. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)—OF THE TALES of Anglo-Indian life which Mr. Rudyard Kipling has collected in the volume called 'Mine Own People,' he says 'a little less than half have been printed in America in book form without my authority and under a name not of my choosing.' Of old favorites we have that inimitable bit of narrative 'The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney,' that tender, beautiful piece of imperishable passion 'Without Benefit of Clergy,' 'The Courting of Dinah Shadd' and 'The Man who Was.' Among the new stories, 'At the End of the Passage' and 'Bimi' are the most striking. The latter is a 'shivery,' terrible account of the killing of an orang-outang. The thing of special interest in the book is, however, an incomparable introduction by Mr. Henry James, in which he analyzes with discrimination and masterly skill the quality of Rudyard Kipling's genius, and gives him such rare praise as only one great artist can bestow upon another. (\$1.25. United States Book Co.)

THE INTIMATE relationship between men and women is always complex, and with the highest ideals their life together is often a series of readjustments; but when one throws into the balance, on the man's side, the weight of a musical temperament, and, on the woman's, strong aristocratic tendencies, the complexity is quintu-

* 1. P. Terenti Atri Heauton Timorumenos. Text, with Stage Directions. By John C. Rolfe. 25 cts. Ginn & Co. 2. Gaii Iulii Cæsaris Commentarii de Bello Civili. Book I. Ed. by A. C. Peskett. Macmillan & Co. 3. The Cyropædia of Xenophon. Books vi., vii., viii. Ed. by the Rev. H. A. Holden. Macmillan & Co. 4. Plato, Gorgias. Ed. by Gonzales Lodge. \$1.65. Ginn & Co. 5. Talks with Athenian Youths. Translations from Plato. \$1. Charles Scribner's Sons. 6. Livy, Books xxi.-xxii. Ed. on the basis of Wölfflin's edition, by John K. Lord. \$1.50. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 7. Livy, Books I.-II. Ed. by J. B. Greenough. \$1.35. Ginn & Co. 8. Livy, Books I., xxi., xxii. Ed. by J. H. Westcott. \$1.25. Allyn & Bacon. 9. The Histories of Tacitus. Ed. by Rev. W. A. Spooner. \$3.50. Macmillan & Co.

pled. It is such a state of things that Ossip Schubin has portrayed in a novel called 'Asbein: From the Life of a Virtuoso,' which Elise L. Lathrop has translated into English. A Russian Princess, a charming girl of much originality, falls in love with Boris Lensky, a violinist, a man of the people, whose mother was a concert-hall singer, and who had seen evil days since rough masters had discovered that they could make money out of the boy's genius. But Boris Lensky had genius, and because his nature was noble he won Natalie Assanow for his mate, despite the traditions of her family and the opposition of her brother, who knew the musician's history. Man of the world as the brother was, he judged Boris by what he had been; while Natalie, with that prescience which love sometimes bestows, saw him as he might be—as he was under the influence of an ideal. Who can tell which knew him best? Natalie married him, and the sequel shows that neither had read entirely aright. Doubtless the only safe view of human nature is that colorless one that expects nothing and so is never surprised at good or evil. When Boris fell it was not, like Antæus, to rise again refreshed by contact with mother-earth: he fell because of inherent weakness, and not in a struggle for strength. For a few years his married life with Natalie was a harmonious development of all that was best in his music and in his nature. Then they moved away from Petersburg, where he had lived in the circle and station of Natalie's family, to a German capital, where she was obliged to content herself with his friends and position. Under this she fretted, little realizing what effect her aristocratic scruples would have upon the sensitive mind of a sensuous egoist. What wisdom she had, however, she brought to bear; but she loved too nobly, she forgave too generously. Passionate in his attachment to her, vehement in his self-reproaches, solicitous and noble in all material matters, tender of her comfort, self-denial was to him a sacrifice which he could not make. Can one say that Natalie did ill to marry him? At least the sin imputed was not the ungirt loin and the unlit lamp; and if she failed it was in a battle with heredity. (50 cts. Worthington Co.)

FROM A LARGE experience of life Louis John Jennings, Esq., formerly American journalist, now English M.P., has written a story which he calls 'The Philadelphian.' What there is distinctively Philadelphian about a man who seems to possess all the astuteness that should have been distributed among a number of otherwise gifted people, we cannot understand. Rufus Snapper, a name strongly suggestive of the brilliant author of 'Solid for Mulhooly,' was a very good fellow, it is true, and did an immense service to some very worthy people, so we will not begrudge him the honor which his creator confers upon him by calling him 'The Philadelphian.' The scene of the story—a well-told tale of deceit and forgery, leading to a greater crime—is laid chiefly at Castle Porthcawl, Wales, the country residence of Squire Clavering. His niece, Edith Pendleton, the daughter of a Virginian, a colonel in the Southern army, is invited to spend her childhood in the home of her English uncle; and here, as she is brought up with the heir and son, begins an attachment which finally, after many vicissitudes and much unravelling of clues by the aid of the good Rufus, ends happily in marriage. The simple outline of the plot is obvious enough, and the tale cannot be said to be in any way original or exceptional, but it is, nevertheless, an entertaining novel, with plenty of incident, no sensational exaggeration, and a good conversational style. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)

THE MORAL of 'Vengeance is Mine' is irreproachable, and, if the mode in which it is conveyed is crude and puerile, the story itself is interesting and well told. Richard North, analyst, and lecturer on chemistry, is a man of strong passions and few scruples. He poisons the husband of the woman he loves in a manner to win the admiration of a Brinvilliers; and when he is balked by her sister-in-law, of the results he had promised himself he takes a remarkably complete revenge upon her. That his punishment is brought about by accidents having nothing to do with the general course of the story, the author, Mr. Daniel Dane, would, perhaps, say was necessary to point his moral; but it seems weak and inartistic. Yet there are evidences of considerable power in the book, which contains few dull pages. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

'SUPERFLUITY, insolence, disaster' is the old, established tragic sequence: in Mrs. Lynn Linton's 'Sowing the Wind' and similar books, it is rather selfishness, stupidity and idiotic crime. Aylott St. John Aylott, his wife, Isola, their poor relations and rich acquaintance are as insipid a lot as ever found a local habitation between paper covers; and the story of their sayings and doings is about as entertaining as the buzzing of a fly on the window-pane. (50 cts. John W. Lovell Co.)

'THE HAVOC OF A SMILE' does not turn out to be very destructive in Gregory Pomfret's case. Like the countryman in Boccaccio's story, he is transformed by love from a stupid lout to something more manly; and if his Beatrice marries another, why, so does he. The book is rather barren of incident, and, except Beatrice, none of the characters is very attractive; but the author, L. B. Walford, writes intelligently and agreeably, and never taxes the reader's patience even when dealing with matters of very slight interest in themselves. (25 cts. John W. Lovell Co.)

MUCH OF THE same nature is the story of 'A Brooklyn Bachelor,' as told by Margaret Lee. Mr. Samson Dorrien is not so dull to begin with, nor does he become so pleasant a fellow at the end, as Mr. Gregory Pomfret; but there is a transformation in his case, also, and it is brought about by the same means—assisted by music. Miss Lee aims at photographic realism; and Brooklyn streets, Philharmonic choruses and Theodore Thomas's orchestra are tin-typed in her pages. (50 cts. F. F. Lovell & Co.)

THE THOUSANDS who have laughed over Mr. Frank R. Stockton's 'Rudder Grange' will be eager to get hold of 'The Rudder Grangers Abroad,' in which the author shows the same ingenuity in giving a humorous *vraisemblance* to the preposterously improbable. Pomona's adventures in London, where she is bound to see 'a real lord, or some kind of nobleman of high degree,' and makes a call all by herself on 'William, Lord Cobden, Earl of Somersetshire and Derry,' and where she likewise loses her baby daughter in Hyde Park, getting a strange infant instead, which is eventually 'swapped back' in the Grand Opera House at Paris, are as good in their way as anything in her cis-Atlantic experiences. The other stories in the volume, particularly 'The Water-Devil,' the plot whereof no one but Stockton could possibly have disentangled without veritable diabolic agency, are in the author's happiest vein. (\$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

'THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA' is between professional duty and his own desires and interests; and Dr. Martin Dobree, as constituted by Hesba Stretton, is not the man to stay long between its horns. He cares for the husband of the woman he wishes to marry, and is providentially rewarded by the man's dying in spite of him. Most of the interest, which is considerable, comes from the descriptions of scenery and manners on the islands of Guernsey and Sark. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

'BLIND FATE' is decidedly not the best of Mrs. Alexander's novels. Paul Standish is a dreadful young man with whom his young and pretty ward falls in love, and who requires the most convincing proofs before he will believe it. His rival, Randal Egerton, is a melodramatic ruffian, who, disguised as a Portuguese sailor, commits a murder and other enormities. The marriage of Paul and Dorothy and the punishment of Egerton are brought about through the usual clever detective. (Henry Holt & Co.)

NEAR DECORAH, Iowa, is an ice-cave; there are also some intermittent springs; and about the springs and the cave Mr. Herman F. Hegner tells a tale which may set many boys hunting up natural curiosities in their neighborhood and writing essays about them. In Mr. Hegner's story, 'The Young Scientist,' Karl Busch gains the prize which a kindly old professor of geology has offered for the best explanation of the ice-cave. Incidentally, there is more or less about fossils, glaciers, the destructive action of water and the Michigan salt works. (Columbian Publishing Co.)

WHEN WILL the stock of MSS. left by mysterious personages in the hands of reluctant friends, who in due time, and with many misgivings and disclaimings of responsibility, give them to a long-suffering public, be exhausted? Mr. Amos K. Fiske submits to the world one of these manuscripts of which he has been the victim, and which he names 'Beyond the Bourn,' being the reports of a traveller returned from 'The Undiscovered Country.' Ever since Ulysses descended to the place of departed spirits and came back to rehearse what he saw, it has been a favorite ruse with authors to take an imaginary trip thither in order to be able to exploit some nostrum or extraordinary idea. Mr. Fiske's nostrums are not materially different from many others that have been offered to the world. They are the perfected institutions and the expansion of spirit which the stranger observed in that other sphere, and they cure about the same number of ills that remedies of this kind are supposed to meet; and the sweet, syrupy style—the vehicle of his ideas—does not make the dose more acceptable. (\$1. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.)

THE Académie Française has awarded to Henri Lavedan the Toirac prize of about \$800 for his comedy 'Une Famille,' thus adjudging it to be the best comedy played at the Théâtre Français in 1890.

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Were there Two Quartos of '1 Henry IV.' published in 1598?—I have already (pp. 154, 181 of the last volume of *The Critic*) given reasons for believing, with Halliwell-Phillipps, that there were two such quartos; but Mr. W. H. Fleming is still of the opinion that these were merely two forms of the same edition. In a letter he has recently sent me, he quotes what Halliwell-Phillipps (see p. 155 of my note) says:—

Although the arrangements of the forms in the first two editions materially differ, both impressions were no doubt published by Wise in 1598, and might be distinguished by the circumstance of the word *hystorie* in the head-line of the first being *historie* in that of the second.

Mr. Fleming goes on to say that 'an examination of the subject reveals the fact that the spelling of the word "History" in the head-lines varies in the same copy' (the italics are his). He has consulted the Ashbee fac-simile of the 1598 quarto in the Lenox Library, and finds *History* in nine head-lines, *Historie* in the rest; and he is informed by Mr. R. Garnett of the British Museum that the original quarto has the same variations in spelling.

That the forms *history* and *historie* (like *tragedy* and *tragedie*, both of which occur in the folio of 1623) were used indiscriminately is a familiar fact; but Halliwell-Phillipps evidently means that the *same page* of the two editions varies in this respect. That corrections of single words were made in the early editions while going through the press is another familiar fact, of which, as Mr. Fleming reminds me, I have recently cited instances in commenting on the different forms of the 1597 quarto of 'Richard II.'; but the press would never have been stopped to change *history* to *historie*, or *vice versa*.

Mr. Fleming also says that the occurrence of the word *fat* (in 'How the fat rogue roared!') in Halliwell-Phillipps's fragment of the quarto does not prove it to be an independent edition. Of course it does not, for the reason just given; and Halliwell-Phillipps does not say that it does. He has given reasons for believing that the fragment is part of an independent edition, and proceeds to settle the question whether it belongs to the first or the second edition of 1598. That it 'belongs to the first edition,' he says, 'may be safely inferred from its containing a word found in no other impression, omission being the commonest error in early reprints.'

The fact which really proves the fragment to be part of an independent edition is entirely ignored by Mr. Fleming—namely, that the 'forms' (using the word in the technical sense) differ from those of the other 1598 quarto. Single words may be changed in a page while the sheet is being printed, but the make-up of the page will not otherwise be affected. Halliwell-Phillipps, familiar as he was with the details of the printer's art, saw that his fragment of four pages was a piece of type-setting and 'making-up' into pages which differed from the corresponding portion of the other quarto. He could not possibly mistake corrected pages of one and the same edition for such independent work. If the fragment were reproduced by photography it would be easy to compare it, page by page and line by line, with the fac-simile of the complete 1598 quarto, and to point out the variations in mechanical execution.

Mr. Fleming refers incidentally to the 1600 quarto of '2 Henry IV.' in some copies of which the 1st scene of act iii. is wanting; and yet we regard the different copies as merely two forms of one edition. Why? Because it is evident that the variation is due to an accidental omission which was detected after the book was on the press. In correcting it, portions of the preceding and following matter (about 150 lines in all) were reset, and in doing this some typographical changes were made. A careless critic might regard these variations in parts of the book *common to the two forms* as evidence that the two were independent editions; but an examination of other portions of the volumes would show that they were printed from the same 'forms' (using the word technically).

If the reader will take the trouble to refer to my note on p. 181 (April 4, 1891) he will see that there I stated clearly the typographical reasons for regarding the two 1598 quartos of '1 Henry IV.' as independent editions. So far as I am aware, Mr. Fleming is the only person who has not seen that those reasons are absolutely conclusive.

The 'Falcon' Series of Shakespeare Plays.—This is another school edition of the plays, published by the Longmans in London and New York (35 cents each). 'The Tempest,' edited by A. C. Liddell, M.A., and 'The Taming of the Shrew,' edited by H. H. Crawley, the latest issues, are neat little books. The introductions include a brief history of the plays with concise critical comments;

and the notes are copious and scholarly. As in most English books of the kind, too much attention is given to etymology. One would infer that schoolboys over there had not ready access to good English dictionaries, in which they could find for themselves the derivation of *abuse*, *advance*, *amazement*, and so on. In these volumes a separate 'Glossary' of such words is appended to the notes. In the latter many of Shakespeare's expressions are needlessly paraphrased, but by no means to the extent that I have had occasion to criticise in certain other English editions.

The Preservation of Shakespeare's Birthplace, etc.—Referring to the fact that the bill creating the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust has been passed by the British Parliament and approved by the Queen, *Shakespeariana* (the magazine) for July remarks:—

It was not until the late Mr. Barnum, however, actually completed a contract for purchasing the Birthplace, and had arranged to bring it bodily to the United States, that the British apathy was sufficiently aroused and measures taken leading to the preservation of the property, and so ultimately to the present act of Parliament. Upon this matter the entire English-speaking world—if we except our good friend Dr. W. J. Rolfe and the vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon (who guarantee each other with a delightful *bonhomie*, if we are not deceived by the files of the New York *Critic*)—are now at perfect accord. The Rev. George Arbuthnot does not, it appears, consider it worth while to even protect the bust of Shakespeare from possible injury when workmen are pounding down the walls around it, and Dr. Rolfe pleasantly italicizes that, since it does not appear that the bust *was* injured, any complaint as to this procedure on the part of the vicar is officious and comes from strangers—mere tourists—who are jealous of Mr. Arbuthnot. The good Doctor does not tell us why mere tourists and strangers are jealous of a vicar—it would probably be 'officious' in us to inquire.

It is true that nothing was done to make the Birthplace national property until Barnum's proposal to buy it called attention to the danger of leaving it under private control; but this was not due to British 'apathy,' or indifference to the historical and literary interest of the estate. It had been a 'pilgrim' shrine for many years before Irving visited and wrote about it. From the latter part of the last century it had been preserved with pious care, and it probably did not occur to anybody that it might come again to base uses as when it was a butcher's shop and an inn. Even then it was still in the possession of a collateral branch of the poet's family. It was not until 1806 that William Shakespeare Hart, a descendant of Shakespeare's sister Joan, sold it to Thomas Court. The history of the 'properties' from that time to the present is thus given by Halliwell-Phillipps ('Outlines,' vol. i. p. 388):—

The widow [of Thomas Court] dying in 1846, they were submitted to auction in London in the following year, and were then acquired by two committees of gentlemen, the representatives of a large body of independent subscribers who had come forward to endeavor to save the Birthplace from whispered designs of an unpatriotic character. The purchase was completed in 1848 to four delegates selected from the committees, and in July, 1866, those nominal owners surrendered the legal estate, under a public trust, into the hands of the Corporation of Stratford.

The recent act of Parliament vests the property in a board of trustees or guardians, who are also empowered to purchase Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, the so-called house of Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother, at Wilmecote, 'and any other property known or believed to have belonged to the great dramatist or his wife or parents.'

It is charitable to believe that the comments of *Shakespeariana* upon my note of April 4, 1891, were written when *The Critic* was not at hand for reference. I did not say that the complaints concerning the vicar were 'officious,' or that they came from 'strangers' or 'tourists.' I suggested that they were made by 'enemies of the vicar who are continually on the watch for an opportunity to find fault with him.' Of course I had in mind certain of his fellow-townsmen. There is no direct or indirect allusion in the paragraph to 'tourists' or 'strangers' which can explain the misrepresentation or misapprehension.

As I have no personal acquaintance with Rev. Dr. Arbuthnot I do not know how we can 'guarantee each other,' or, indeed, what that expression means here. I have simply given my honest opinion that the interior of the church is, on the whole, better and not worse for the repairs that have been made. Having been familiar with the edifice for more than twenty years, in the course of which I have visited it at least a dozen times, I have been interested in the progress of the work and may venture to say modestly what I think of it. Of the alleged 'vandalism' in the churchyard, as I have said more than once, I know nothing and express no opinion.

It appears, by the way, that one Shakespeare Society has acted upon Mr. Morgan's suggestion that such associations 'pass resolutions calling the attention of the See, if not of the Bishop, of Worcester to the proceedings of the vicar. The Avon Club of New

York—a women's club, I believe—has 'resolved that it sincerely deprecates any changes which would destroy, or mar, or jeopardize in the slightest degree any part of that venerable edifice, or any relic or monument of the great poet'; and it 'requests those in authority in this matter to exercise a restraining influence upon any parties—whatever their authority or official title—whose zeal for innovation exceeds their reverent appreciation of the precious relics enshrined within the sacred walls of the Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford-upon-Avon.' This is well-meant and harmless enough; but the New York Shakespeare Society of which Mr. Morgan is President, and by which *Shakespeareana* is conducted, does not appear inclined to follow the example of its sister association in the matter.

Magazine Notes

In *Lippincott's* for July Miss Baylor brings forward two imaginary champions to fight over again the battle of the realists and the idealists. There is some very pretty rhetorical sword-play between the puppets, and the victory rests where it should—with the champion of the ideal; but the admirers of Zola and Flaubert and Tolstol and the rest will hardly be moved from their position by it. Mr. Alfred Balch compares English and American newspapers from the reporter's point of view. He thinks that the English reporter, being restricted to verifiable facts, and cut off from interviewing, hearsay and the use of his imagination, has very poor opportunities in comparison with those enjoyed by his American brother; but, *per contra*, the English editorial writer is a much more powerful and considerable personage than the American. There is, however, a tendency toward the American style; and if Englishmen would only allow reporters to libel them with impunity, the American model would soon be followed at most points where a difference can now be perceived. The number is strong in fiction. Besides Mrs. Barr's novelette, 'A Rose of a Hundred Leaves,' there is a good court-room yarn by Col. Richard Johnstone, 'A Surprise to Mr. Thompson Byers'; and a clever old California story, by Gertrude F. Atherton, 'The Vengeance of Padre Arroyo.' Edwin Checkley has an illustrated article on his very sensible theory and practice of 'Physical Culture,' and Frank A. Burr a forecast of 'The Future of Cuba.'

The art and mystery of novel-writing is the subject of Mr. Lang's short talk At the Sign of the Ship in *Longman's* for June. Mr. Besant having suggested the possibility of a School of Fiction, Mr. Lang offers some most valuable hints as to organization, studies, and ways and means. He suggests that the English Church be disestablished—which has often been suggested before; and that its revenues be used to support the new institution, 'more in keeping with the wants of the age'—which is brilliantly original. He gives specimen matriculation papers, and proposes a few 'simple and ordinary amorous problems.' He outlines the amount of legal learning that should be required of an applicant for a degree; and, in short, gives so much substance and vitality to the scheme as, if he were an American, would recommend it to the lobbyists and the promoter. Pity it comes to late for a share of our surplus. Miss J. A. Taylor's second article 'On Autographs' gives specimens of Godwin's, Mrs. Inchbald's, Charles Lamb's and Cardinal Newman's correspondence. In 'Melissa's Tour,' Mr. Grant Allen tells how he acquired a daughter-in-law; and Cannock Brand imparts many bits of equally true and wonderful information about the family and other relations of the cuckoo.

The Emperor William II. gets a first-class character from Privy Councillor, Prof. F. Heinrich Geffcken, in the July *Forum*. President Francis A. Walker seeks to show from the last census that the colored race in America is not increasing proportionately with the white; but as he takes no account of white immigration, his figures would really seem to prove that the natural increase of the colored element is much greater, and that certain States and parts of States in the South are destined to be almost exclusively inhabited by colored folk. Prof. Herbert B. Adams recounts the progress of university extension in America. Mr. Aldace F. Walker, of the Western Traffic Association, treats of 'The Operation of the Interstate Commerce Law'; Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, in a rather one-sided article, aims to show that immigrants are only in a very slight degree to blame for what he accounts as deteriorating changes in our national character. Ex-Secretary Charles S. Fairchild attacks the silver problem from the point of view of sound financiering; and Gen. Thomas Jordan tells 'Why We Need Cuba,' and why we should have it. Mr. F. R. Daldy traces the probable consequences on the English book-trade of our new Copyright law. It will make New York the great printing and publishing centre of the English-speaking world, he thinks; will materially reduce the number of cheap reprints; will but slowly and slightly increase the cost of books in America; will lower it in England; will help but little, or

not at all, the struggling English author; will reduce the number of publishers and lessen competition among them; and should materially improve the condition of American authors, as their publishers will be able to afford to pay liberally for literary work. The French middle-class home is described with evident candor and fairness by Philip Gilbert Hamerton; David M. Stone writes on 'The Need of an Elastic Currency,' and J. Selwin Tait suggests the establishment of banks with many branches on the English model, as likely to check embezzlements.

The opening chapters of Mary Hartwell Catherwood's new serial, 'The Lady of Fort St. John,' in *The Atlantic* for July, deal with the manners and people of old Acadia. The most interesting personages are the Jesuit missionary, Father Jogues, and La Rossignol, a small hyperborean, who flies about on a swan and plays upon the dulcimer, like Coleridge's Abyssinian maid, or Apollo himself. Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani tells of some new discoveries in 'Underground Christian Rome'; and Mr. W. J. Stillman contrasts 'The Old Rome and the New' to the disadvantage of the latter, which is Philistine and shabby and careless of antiquity. The Arkansas plantation which Octave Thanet describes is peopled by 'crackers,' 'trifling blacks,' and 'ha'nts' in about equal numbers. They talk a wondrous dialect, have peculiar ideas of morality and honor, and have no more use for the current coin of the land than so many millionaires. Agnes Repplier has been investigating the 'penny-dreadfuls' of the English railway book-stores and finds nothing dreadful in them except their all too decorous dullness. Even 'Ally Sloper' is sapless and insipid to her, but that, she doubts, is because she does not understand him. Possibly nobody does, not even Mrs. Pennell, who imagines that he possesses a distinct literary flavor—of 'arf-and-arf.' Mr. William R. Thayer eloquently defends Tintoretto's claim to be called the Shakespeare of Painters; Prof. N. S. Shaler writes of 'College Examinations' and W. D. McCrchan of 'The Neutrality of Switzerland'; and William M. Davis tells the 'Story of a Long Inheritance,' of the grating motion of cyclones and tornados, derived through many stages from that of the primitive nebula out of which our universe was formed.

The Progress of the World is nowhere better summarized than in the opening article, so entitled, in the monthly *Review of Reviews*. The Newfoundland fisheries question, the Behring Sea dispute, the political leadership in Canada, the 'People's Party,' the most recent measures to regulate immigration, President Carnot's tour, ballot and electoral reform, the expulsion of Jews from Russia, the baccarat scandal, and Lord Randolph Churchill in South Africa, are among the subjects editorially discussed in the July number; and, as usual, the pages are lightened up, here and there, with the more or less familiar faces of the men and women who have been most 'in evidence' during the period under consideration. The diaristic record of the month's doings is illuminated in like fashion; and the special feature of the number—the paper on 'University Extension and Its Leaders,' by Prof. Herbert B. Adams of Johns Hopkins—is fairly radiant with portraits of college presidents and others (including Prof. Adams himself) whose names are identified with the movement in this country. This is a comprehensive and thorough paper, and should go far toward enlightening the popular mind as to the aims and methods of those who are seeking to bring the university to the doors of the workshop and the farmhouse. Mr. Stead and Mr. A. P. Sinnett—the latter being one of the 'deceased prophetesses'—converts—present their views (with portraits) of that singular creature, Mme. Blavatsky; 'The Pope's Encyclical on the Labor Question' is carefully considered; the leading articles of the month are epitomized; and the American, English and foreign magazines reviewed.

It is a cheerful *Outlook* upon the near future that the new quarterly of that name offers in its first number. In it Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson advocates 'Manual Training for Women,' and Helen Leah Reed and Katherine Lee Bates tells something of what is being done to cultivate their minds in Harvard and in Oxford. If the result is to produce many articles as chatty, bright and feminine as Miss Anne O'Hagan's 'Student Life in Boston,' it will not take long to convert all the world to the 'higher education' doctrines. The Boston girl students, we find, learn to associate Theocritus with smoky chimneys, Bion with hot buns, and Scollay Square with Socrates. The intellectual advantages of the Hub of Creation do not prevent them from taking a natural and proper delight in the confectioners' shops on Hanover Street, with their sugar hens and dogs and peppermint canes. Their life oscillates between such licence as is implied in visits to the 'Coffee House' with its gilded kettle, and the severities of study and evening dress. No such pleasant account is given of student life at Oxford, though the architectural beauties of the city are enthusiastically described; nor does the work there seem to be as

thorough as at the Harvard Annex. Chief among the editorial departments is that devoted to college news, which includes interesting gossip from Barnard, Boston, Bryn Mawr, Cornell, Iowa College and Iowa State University, Michigan, Minnesota, Northwestern and Ohio Universities, Smith College, Syracuse, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin Universities, and Vassar and Wellesley. Other articles are on 'A Training School for Mothers,' by Martha Foote Crowe, and on the 'Present Status of Women in the Church,' by Mila F. Tupper. The first of a series of 'Ways and Means Papers' gives an account of the work of the Massachusetts Society for the University Education of Women, by Elizabeth Deering Hanscom. (Boston: Outlook Publishing Co.)

The manners and customs of the Burmese Nat, or spirit, are the subject of an interesting article by Louis Vossion in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* for April-June: Among wild tribes like the red Karens there are only bad Nats; they are furnished with rice-wine and weapons to encourage them to fight among themselves. The Burmese, who, in other respects are good Buddhists, believe in both bad Nats and good. Mr. J. Walter Fewkes suggests that the Moki snake dance was originally a rain dance, the snake being but one symbol out of many, all signifying the element of water. Mr. Thomas Wilson describes the remarkable collection of amulets still used in Italy belonging to Prof. Belucci of Perugia; amulets of crystal or coral against the evil eye; of badger-skin, wrapped by cab-men about their whips; of amber against sorcery; of blood-stone to stop bleeding; and of garnet against grief. The last is worn by widows, but not, it appears, by widowers. Other curious and interesting articles are by Otis T. Mason on 'The Natural History of Folk-Lore,' and by Sylvanus Hayward on 'Popular Names of American Plants.'

The 'Three American Novels' concerning which Mr. Brander Matthews discourses in the current *Cosmopolitan* are Hopkinson Smith's 'Col. Carter,' Miss Seawell's 'Jerry,' and Prof. Boyesen's 'Mammon of Unrighteousness.' The last named is pronounced 'intensely American, wholly and absolutely American.' Jerry is held to show strongly, except in its early part, the influence of Hugo; hence the early part is preferred. 'It is well that the new South has come,' is a remark suggested by Mr. Smith's character-study; 'and in literature, as in life, it has taken its stand squarely on the solid realities.'—'Man and the Glacial Period,' Prof. G. Frederick Wright's contribution to the July *Popular Science Monthly*, can afford but cold comfort to the reader who finds the Mercury in his thermometer a centenarian. 'Sanitary Improvement in New York During the Last Quarter of a Century' is a rather optimistic article by Gen. Emmons Clark, long the secretary of the Board of Health. A sketch of George Catlin, who painted the Indians in their true colors, is accompanied by a portrait of that well-known artist. A curious subject, though not a new one, is discussed by President Jordan of Leland University in his paper on 'The Colors of Letters.' To him R is green, S yellow, and X scarlet; to others these letters have a very different hue. An article 'On the Wings of the Wind,' referring to the distribution of plant seeds, is reprinted from *The Cornhill*.

Boston Letter

SURROUNDED by the paintings of Mr. C. W. Sanderson and the busts of Mr. Samuel Kitson, in the large, airy studio in Beacon Street, I enjoyed a pleasant chat this week with the clever sculptor whose portrait-bust of the patriot-poet John Boyle O'Reilly has just drawn from Bishop Keane of Washington a most pleasing commendation. It was to inquire of Mr. Kitson regarding this bust that I called. As he placed the model in a favoring light to show the strong, manly vigor of the face and to display the alertness of countenance, as admirably worked out by the carriage of the head and the expression of the eyes, Mr. Kitson explained his aim.

He had known O'Reilly in life, had enjoyed his friendship, and when the poet-editor visited the studio only a few weeks before he died, the artist had carefully studied his face with the idea of copying it in bronze. Marble, he holds, is insufficient for such a virile person; not only is the dark, rugged bronze more significant, but its color will also better resemble the color of the athlete's suntanned face. Besides the bust—which I am told by others is certain to be ordered within a few days for the Catholic University of America at Washington,—Mr. Kitson has also a miniature of O'Reilly's full-length figure upon a lofty pedestal, a work which he hopes some time to see in a public place, as Boston's memorial.

There were two or three other interesting works, barely completed, of which I caught a glimpse. One is the portrait-bust of Judge Charles Devens, the soldier and jurist, the Attorney-General of President Hayes's Cabinet. It is probable the family will place

this bust in Memorial Hall at Harvard. Another shows the face of the Vicar-General, Rev. William Byrne, designed for the Virginia college of which he was formerly President. The faces of both these men have such dignity and attractive charm in themselves as to make subjects which may well attract the artist's eye. Alluding to the number of churchmen figured in marble and clay in the studio—there was one of Archbishop Williams close by the Byrne head,—I asked Mr. Kitson if he had a partiality for religious subjects. He admitted that he had. His very first marble was Rebecca at the Well, and his second was one of Isaac. From the day he modelled those figures he seemed to be drawn towards that line of work, although he did not go so far as to make it a hobby. This summer Mr. Kitson is to spend in Canada, seeking recreation but watching also for artistic ideas. His Sheridan monument he designed in that way, working in country retirement rather than in the studio of the busy city.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has left his pleasant country home in Ponkapog for an eight weeks' vacation abroad. To my inquiry, just before he sailed, regarding forthcoming works from his pen, he replied that he had little on hand for immediate use. Two of the New York magazines have manuscripts of his, and he has also on his desk several unfinished poems and a prose volume. The latter he intended to print this autumn, but as he has decided to remodel the book its publication is postponed.

In one of those bright letters which enhance so much the pleasure of reading interesting facts, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney refers to a misprint in a recent issue of a Boston paper wherein it was stated that 'Dusty English Galleries' was to be the title of her next book. 'The item must have made every reader smile,' she says, 'and wonder what earthly interest "Dusty English Galleries" could hold for aught but the house-cleaner. A title somewhat related to that, "A Dusty English Gallery," will some time belong to a collection of biographical and critical sketches which I had intended—had I not been too lazy to do the copying—to publish this summer. I chose the adjective "Dusty" as a sort of honest sign-board to advertise the fact that my people (Vaughan, Wither, George Herbert's lady mother, etc.) were not modern; and "Musty" was the alternative! As the manuscript will not go to the publishers until autumn, I suppose I ought not to be counted in at all with the bees who are storing honey.' The admirers of Miss Guiney's poems, and they are many, had hoped she would this year collect her latest verses in book form; but though there are thirty or more unpublished, save in the magazines, it is doubtful if they find a more durable cover for a twelve-month to come.

Rudyard Kipling is to introduce readers to a whimsical hero through the mediumship of *The Atlantic Monthly*. In September a strangely demented lighthouse-keeper will begin his peculiar actions. He has a weird fancy, a fearing idea that over the bright rays of his lantern, as they reach in their regular lines like a ladder far down to the rolling water, clamber and tumble hordes of evil imps, all seeking that way of ingress to his lonely, rocky castle. But he will defeat them. With anxious hand he places in the water, at the points where the rays strike, bobbing buoys over which the fiends cannot climb; and so he rests in peace. But the captains of the merchant vessels see these new and undescribed beacons in their path, fear their hidden enemy, a wrecked vessel just below the water's edge, and steer away from their course to avoid the danger. So the queer lighthouse-keeper becomes 'A Disturber of Traffic.'

BOSTON, July 7, 1891.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Lounger

A RATHER puzzling experience has just been related to me. A man who was going abroad last month met in Broadway, the day before he sailed, an Englishman whom he believed to be in London, and whom he expected to see when he reached that city. As soon as he saw him, he said to himself, 'Hello, there's Vaulter!'—or words to that effect, the real name being immaterial to the story. The two men—not old friends, but acquaintances on very friendly terms—seemed glad to see each other, and stopped and shook hands. The American had a moment's misgiving as to the identity of his *vis-à-vis*, but it disappeared under the reassuring influence of the replies his questions drew forth. 'When did you get here?' he asked. 'Last Wednesday,' was the answer—Wednesday being one of the days on which the fast steamers arrive from England. 'Is your wife with you?' 'Yes.' 'When do you return?' 'Next Saturday.' 'I shall be sorry not to see you on the other side: I sail on the *Majestic* to-morrow' (it was then Tuesday) 'and had counted upon seeing you and your wife in London.' 'I shall be very sorry to miss you, was the polite response. 'By the way,' exclaimed the American, 'where is Mrs. ———. She was to be in London now, and I had expected to

learn her address from you.' The name mentioned was that of a well-known American writer whose cousin the Englishman had married. 'She is down in the country visiting some of her relations.' After exchanging a few more words, the two men shook hands again, smiled, touched their hats and parted.

ON ARRIVING at his office, five minutes later, the American dropped a line to the son of the lady whose exact whereabouts he had neglected to ascertain from his English friend; and by return of post received an address in Clarges Street. 'What you say about Vaulter,' added the young man, 'is pure abracadabra to me: the last I heard of him he was with my people in England. *Quare*: Is this a case for the Society for Psychical Research?' The puzzled American sailed from New York the next day, and on his arrival at Liverpool posted to the London address of the lady in the case a note reporting the contradictory statements as to her place of sojourn. When he reached London two days thereafter, an answer to his letter awaited him at his hotel in Jermyn Street. It contained an invitation to dinner; and the next evening, over a spotless cloth around which a typical English butler moved with noiseless dignity, the tale of the interview of ten days ago in Broadway was told at length. 'I have been visiting relations in the country,' said the hostess, 'but not for several weeks; and Mr. Vaulter hasn't been out of England for many months.' Needless to say, the mystified American made a point of calling upon the Vaulters at their pleasant apartment overlooking Hyde Park. Of course they were out. 'Out of town?' 'No, sir, in town, but not at 'ome.' A letter with a London postmark and an English stamp brings excellent evidence that they were in town a very few days after this fruitless call; but it does not account for the striking resemblance to Vaulter of the gentleman in Broadway, nor for his appropriate replies to the questions of his puzzled interlocutor, who is now strongly inclined to think this *is* 'a case for the Society for Psychical Research.'

PIERRE LOTI, the new Academician, is the subject of a sketch in *The Pall Mall Budget* by one who 'knows and admires him.' Until recently he was a lieutenant in the French Navy; now he is a captain—Capt. Julian Viaud, at your service. A navy captain, as a rule, says M. Loti's admirer, is supposed to be 'as little attuned to pure literature as a Chicago operator in pork'; but the sea has been the making of the literary as well as the warlike Loti. This writer describes a 'Soirée Arabe' given by the novelist at his home at Rochefort. The greater part of the house was given over to Moresque decorations, and his guests as well as the host and hostess were dressed in gorgeous costumes. Among the former was Prince Bojidar Karageorgewitch, with whom we have become intimate through the pages of Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal and more recently published Letters. Prince Bojidar seems to be as fond of the society of literary and artistic folk as was his friend Marie, for not long ago he had an interesting article on Bastien Le Page in *The Magazine of Art*, and one frequently sees his name in the literary or art columns of the Paris papers. Marie painted a portrait of the young Prince which is given in the catalogue of her works. He is represented as a rather effete-looking young man, with a pointed beard and a bang, standing on a balcony with a cigarette between his fingers. He looks quite the prince, but more the Parisian than the Russian.

A NEW JERSEY newspaper finds in the New York *Herald* an account of Ellen Clementine Howarth of Trenton, whose charming and pathetic verses, published over the signature of 'Clementine,' revealed years ago a striking instance of genius at the washtub. There is nothing in the story of Mrs. Howarth's life to provoke laughter, yet I smiled audibly on reading the sober statement that 'a few months ago she received a letter from the Texas Historical Society, making her a member, and requesting her autograph and portrait.' I have never before heard of the Texas Historical Society, but I have no doubt the institution referred to is identical with the Trinity Historical Society of Dallas, Tex.—an institution consisting, or which once consisted, I believe, of my old friend Abou Ben Austin and a gentleman named Swindells, and which exists for the purpose of obtaining autograph letters and photographs of celebrities. Once a month some well-known author writes to ask me who and what Benjamin and his Society are, and once a year I 'expose' him and it in this column; but they seem to thrive by exposure, and I have about decided to let them prey upon the world unmolested from this time forth. (Since these lines were written I have heard that Mr. James Jeffrey Roche has just received the compliment of election to the Trinity Historical Society, in recognition of 'his interest in Texan and Mexican History'!)

'IN VIEW of your note on Mr. Kipling's early fame,' writes E. C. M. of this city, 'it may interest you to know that at twenty-five Dickens had come into the fulness of his popularity by publishing the "Sketches by Boz," the "Pickwick Papers," and a part of "Oliver Twist"; and that "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" all followed within three or four years. Dickens was still a month under thirty when he set out on his voyage to America, to be greeted with a rapture such as no other visitor has been able to throw us into. By the way, have you ever chanced to note a comparison which this visit of Dickens's furnished Carlyle? "O, if all Yankee-land," said Carlyle, "follow a small good 'Schnüspel' the distinguished Novelist" with blazing torches, dinner-invitations, universal hep hep-hurrah, feeling that he, though small, *is* something; how might all Angleland once follow a hero-martyr and great true Son of Heaven!" As this was written early in 1843, the year after Dickens's visit, that Dickens and "Schnüspel" are one is perfectly clear. Returning to the subject of literary fame, I think you will find that the instances of considerable winnings of it by twenty-five are not rare, whether by prose or verse. And if you will carry the pin up to thirty, you will find, I think, that it is almost the rule for men of literary note to have got their reputation pretty firmly fixed before passing that point. Of course, the exceptions to it, if this be the rule, are many; and aging aspirants need never lose heart for want of examples.'

MY CORRESPONDENT might have added to the name of Dickens that of Alfred de Musset, which was renowned at nineteen, when the 'Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie'—the author's first original work—met with immediate success. In his twenty-fifth year Musset produced, among other things, his striking 'Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle.'

I AM INDEBTED to *The Pall Mall Gazette* for a paragraph. You all know of Mr. Eugène Oudin, the young American singer who has made such a success in London as 'Ivanhoe' in Sir Arthur Sullivan's opera of that name. Mr. Oudin, it seems, is celebrated in the profession for his 'make-up' as Ivanhoe, and *The Pall Mall*'s representative interviewed him on the subject. 'You proceed on some special lines?' inquired the interviewer. 'Yes, spoke Mr. Oudin, continuing as follows:—

The Templar is a man of action, passionate and voluptuous. This I indicate by an almost vertical line in the hollow under the eye. As the play goes on, and my baser passions more and more rule me, you will notice that I accentuate this. As my ruling passions get the upper hand the brain consumes the body, and I grow thin. This I indicate by putting a high light on the bone of the nose and on the nostrils which gives them the appearance of being much thinner. By the use of high light on the forehead I also convey the impression that the skin is tightening over the eyes. A point is to mark the receding of the eye as the man 'goes inward.' The crowning piece of my make-up is the wig, and I have had it made on the model of my own hair—a most essential point—but slightly balder, as you will notice. Being closely curled it gives the necessary severity to my features. It is my desire not to build up a mask, but to accentuate my assumed emotions. For instance, I give the eyebrows a little supercilious turn by elevating them in the middle, and to further accentuate the voluptuous character of the Templar I put some brown madder under the lower lip to give it that animal look which belongs to some baser natures.

Beware then, gentle reader, of eyebrows that are 'elevated in the middle'—and of 'brown madder under the lower lip!'

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE opening of the Metropolitan Museum on Sunday afternoons has been the popular success its advocates predicted it would be. On May 31st, the number of visitors was 14,263; on June 7th, 6734; June 14th, 8947; June 21st, 4475; June 28th, 9200; July 5th, 9514. This is a total of 53,133 visitors on six consecutive Sunday afternoons—an average of 8855 per day.

—The French Government has bought one of the pictures exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon by Miss Lee Robbins, the only American thus honored this year.

—At a sale of pictures in London the other day, 'L'Occupation Selon l'Age,' an interior by Watteau, an old woman spinning and a young one sewing, 14 x 16 inches (and the engraving by Dupuis), brought 5200 guineas; and 'L'Accord Parfait,' by the same, a lady and gentleman seated under a tree near a statue, 14 x 16 inches (and the engraving by Baron), 3500 guineas; Meissonier's 'La Vedette, Louis XIII.,' 1050 guineas; 'Leigh Woods,' with a bivouac of gypsies, by Patrick Nasmyth, dated 1830, 1420 guineas; and 'The Forest Road,' by John Linnell, Sr., 1200 guineas.

—Of the ungainly bronze statue of the late S. S. Cox, unveiled in Astor Place on July 4, the *Tribune* says:—

The subject is represented in the act of delivering an address. The right foot is in advance of the left; the frock coat is closely buttoned; the left hand hangs by the side, the right is uplifted and the index finger raised. The likeness is not a good one, and the facial resemblance to the original is hardly suggestive. The character of Samuel S. Cox as every one knew him is nowhere present. The usually genial countenance is strained and solemn in its expression, and the entire outline of the figure is stiff and out of harmony with the natural physical pose of the man.

International Copyright

BRITISH, French, Swiss and Belgian authors will hereafter be entitled to American copyright upon such of their works as are printed from type set in this country, and published here simultaneously with their appearance abroad. That is the plain English of the President's proclamation of July 1. The new law is not, as many people suppose, a special law affecting only the works of foreign authors: it is merely a revision of the general copyright law of the land by which the privilege of copyright is no longer restricted to our own citizens. The American author, who hitherto has been protected by American copyright, no matter where his book was made, wished to secure for his foreign fellow-craftsman equal rights with his own. The American printer, who had reaped a rich harvest from the setting up of pirated books, did not share this magnanimous desire. Without his coöperation, it was felt that International Copyright could hardly be secured in this generation. Compromise became necessary; and, on the condition that copyright should be granted only to books manufactured in this country, no matter by whom they were written, the opposition of the printers was withdrawn. The condition is no harder upon Mr. Black and Mr. Blackmore than it is upon Mr. Crawford and Mr. James, whose books till now have been printed in England by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. and protected in that country and in this by the laws already in force. The English press has received the announcement of the Presidential proclamation in an ungenerous and carping spirit; but the law was not passed in order to win a compliment from the *London Times*, and it will not be repealed because that journal and others have chosen so inopportune a moment to disparage American morals. We print herewith the text of the proclamation:—

Whereas, it is provided by section 13 of the act of Congress of March 3, 1891, entitled 'An act to amend title sixty, chapter three of the Revised Statutes of the United States, relating to copyrights,' that said act 'shall only apply to a citizen or subject of a foreign State or nation when such foreign State or nation permits to citizens of the United States of America the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as its own citizens; or when such foreign state or nation is a party to an international agreement which provides for reciprocity in the granting of copyright, by the terms of which agreement the United States of America may, at its pleasure, become a party to such agreement';

And whereas, It is also provided by said section that 'the existence of either of the conditions aforesaid shall be determined by the President of the United States by proclamation made from time to time as the purposes of this act may require';

And whereas, satisfactory official assurances have been given that in Belgium, France, Great Britain and the British Possessions and Switzerland the law permits to citizens of the United States the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as to the citizens of those countries;

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, do declare and proclaim that the first of the conditions specified in section 13 of the act of March 3, 1891, is now fulfilled in respect to the citizens or subjects of Belgium, France, Great Britain and Switzerland.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this first day of July, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and fiftieth. BENJ. HARRISON.

By the President: WM. F. WHARTON, Acting Secretary of State.

The proclamation is preceded by a recital of the Copyright act passed by the last Congress, a copy of the circular letter to United States Ministers, and an able and exhaustive report to the President prepared by J. B. Moore, Third Assistant Secretary of State, interpreting the law and explaining why its operations are limited to the four countries named in the proclamation, and why the nations party to the Berne agreement are excluded from the proclamation on that ground. Mr. Moore says, in the course of his report:—

If the parties to the Berne Convention shall decide that the legislation of the United States entitles this Government to the privilege of accession on its request to be permitted to do so, there will probably be no difficulty in determining what should be done, for in that case the citizens or subjects of the signatories of that international agreement would, in the opinion of the undersigned, clearly be entitled to the benefit of

our law under the second condition of Section 13. The United States could then 'at its pleasure' become a party to the Convention, which also secures a general reciprocity in the granting of copyright among the states of the literary and artistic union. But until such a decision shall have been made, applications for the benefit of our law should be presented under the conditions of Section 13 of our law.

The first condition specified in Section 13 of the act of March 3, 1891, presents no difficulty. In ascertaining whether this condition is fulfilled it is entirely irrelevant to inquire whether the foreign law is the same as our own, and grants copyright as freely and fully in every particular. Congress, in acknowledging and protecting the property of the author or artist in the products of his intellect, was not so illiberal as to require that the foreign law should offer a strict reciprocity by containing the same provisions as our own.

Mr. Moore says that several countries have applied for the benefits of the law under the first condition. The Belgian law and the French clearly fall within the first alternative condition. Great Britain was the third country to apply; and there was much doubt as to whether her laws did not require the author to live in British possessions as a condition of copyright, which condition would prove fatal to her claim of substantial equality in treatment. The point was satisfactorily cleared up by Lord Salisbury, who declared, in a note to the American Minister in London, that residence in her Majesty's dominion is not a necessary condition, and that English law permits to citizens of the United States the benefit of copyright equally with British subjects. Switzerland applied for the benefits of the law June 26, under the first condition, and was admitted upon proof that her law was in compliance therewith.

The first result of the new law is the establishment here, under the guidance of Count E. de Kératry, of the French Copyright Office, representing the Société des Gens de Lettres, the Société des Auteurs, Éditeurs et Compositeurs de Musique, the Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques Français, and the Cercle de la Librairie. The first of these Societies claims to control the writings of MM. Dumas, Zola, Daudet, Halévy, Ohnet, Coppée, Mary, Malot, Claretie, Guy de Maupassant and others; and the second, the dramatic works of MM. Sardou, Dumas, Valabrègue, A. Bisson, Bergerat, Pailleron, Meilhac, Massenet, Amb. Thomas, Gounod, Godard, Paladilhe, Saint-Saëns, Audran, Messager and others. The Secretary of the French Copyright office is M. Paul Meyer, 208 Fifth Avenue.

Manuscripts for Johns Hopkins

[Baltimore Sun, June 16.]

THE GIFT of the manuscripts of M. Laboulaye to the Johns Hopkins University was unexpected at the university, though there seems to be a story connected with it. M. Edouard R. E. Laboulaye, who died in 1883, was for a long time one of the leading European publicists and formed the French part of that small circle of deep political thinkers frequently called 'the great triumvirate'—Prof. Bluntschli of the University of Heidelberg, Francis Lieber of Columbia College, and Laboulaye of the College of France. Laboulaye is particularly well known in this country on account of his many works on the United States, including the 'Political History of the United States,' 'The United States and France,' 'Paris in America,' and 'Memoirs of Franklin.' The library of Prof. Bluntschli was presented to the university several years ago by the German citizens of Baltimore, and forms the nucleus of the historical library. Mrs. Lieber presented some manuscripts of her husband, and the only one of the trio unrepresented was Laboulaye. President Gilman has always had a desire to fill this void, and Mr. Theodore Stanton, an intimate friend, undertook to see the sons of the French writer, but before anything definite was done, Dr. Elgin R. Gould, a graduate of the Hopkins, then in Europe as a statistician of the National Department of Labor, arrived in Paris, and Mr. Stanton turned the mission over to him. The eldest son had just returned to Paris after resigning the French Embassy at St. Petersburg, and Dr. Gould persuaded him to offer to the university the original manuscripts of one of his father's courses of lectures, together with a fine engraving of the publicist. The first inkling of the gift came to the university, curiously enough, from the far East, from an English paper published in Constantinople and received more than a month ago. Nothing definite, however, was known until a letter was received yesterday morning from Dr. Gould, dated at Paris, June 6, and inclosing copies of the correspondence between the Messrs. Laboulaye and himself.

Women Booksellers in the United States

[The Publishers' Weekly]

The *Critic's* Lounger recently remarked:—'With all the boasted emancipation of "the sex" in the United States, England is ahead of us in many of the openings for women's work. Women do pretty much as they like in the way of earning a living in this

country, but I have yet to hear of a woman dealing in old books. There is, however, one who does so in England, and her name is Miss Clara Millard; Teddington, Middlesex, is her headquarters.

We are surprised that the Lounger has never met in his rambles in New York City with at least two women who deal in second-hand books. They are itinerants—peddlers, if you like—but dealers in second-hand books, nevertheless, shrewd and enterprising, with a scent for rarities and bargains as keen as that of a Stevens, Philes, Sabin or any modern book-hunter regularly established in business.

They are characters, too, each in her own way. The older one—and the senior in the business, if we are not mistaken—is a typical bookworm, tall, spare of build, with a piercing, nervous eye. The other is short, stout, and phlegmatic in everything excepting the striking of a bargain. Both have their headquarters in some second-hand bookstore, that is, a place where letters may be addressed to them, and where they leave an occasional parcel; but their business is done 'out of hand,' if we may use the expression in this connection. Making specialties of certain lines, they keep track of what their customers want, and supply them as they pick up bargains and desired volumes. This necessitates their being on the wing nearly all the time, so that they would have very little use for a shop of their own. Both realize a handsome income.

Then there is another woman who figures as the 'Company' of an anything but insignificant second-hand book business in New York, but who is really the mainspring of the establishment, if buying and selling the stock, and looking after the finances single-handed, may be considered doing the business. She has an unerring eye for a rare book and most decidedly 'knows beans when the bag is opened.' There is still another woman in New York City who is making an experiment in dealing in old art works. Thus far her efforts have met with encouragement if not success, but as she is only a beginner we will not yet count her as belonging to the ranks.

In addition to the above we are safe in saying that there are over a dozen women in the United States who, while not dealers exclusively in second-hand books, deal more or less in them in connection with the book and stationery stores of which they are the sole proprietors.

We do not feel justified in giving the names of the women alluded to, because we have misgivings as to how they might take to notoriety thrust upon them in this manner. All of them, while eschewing consideration for themselves on account of their sex, are extremely modest, but women nevertheless. And women—well, they sometimes will be women, and no one can foresee where it will break out.

A. G.

Some of the Indignities of Literature

[From an article in *The Independent*]

IT IS observable that in all these points we are becoming a little more candid; and in this respect our country is beginning to take the lead. Our leading journals, for instance, are learning to criticize frankly the works of their own contributors; a thing formerly unknown in America, as it still seems to be in Europe. This helps greatly to keep up the dignity of the literary profession, though not always the felicity of the individual author. The greatest indignity which he and his vocation have now to suffer lies in the constant assumption, even by otherwise well-informed people, that it is a profession of tricks and advertising devices, and that the main object of the author is not to do good work, but to keep himself as much as possible before the public. The author receives not merely an annoyance, but a distinct indignity when it is assumed by enterprising publishers that he is willing to pay money to have his picture appear in their forthcoming work; to buy a book he does not want, because his name occurs in it; to supply a new biography of himself for each new cyclopedia, as if the old facts were not sufficient, and the public wished him this time to select a new birthday and birthplace for this publication only; to furnish particulars as to his height, weight, and the color of his hair, with the same particulars as to his wife, children and grandparents. These discourtesies would not be so bad, were they not based obviously on the assumption that all these requests are a favor to the author himself, and the carrying out of his most cherished desire. It is hard enough to keep one's privacy, amid the publicity of our modern life; but it is still harder to have all preference for privacy dismissed as a base hypocrisy. It may happen at last that as some one felicitously defined 'society people' as including only those whose names one never sees in the 'society columns,' so we may at some future day limit the department of celebrated authors to those of whose

personality we know almost as little as if they had written the Letters of Junius.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

Notes

THE first book entered under the new copyright law was 'The Faith Doctor,' by Edward Eggleston, to whose efforts the law is largely due. It was arranged that Dr. Eggleston's novel should be placed first on the copyright records for July 1, 1891, as a mark of appreciation of the author's services in behalf of the law. It is to be published by D. Appleton & Co. The first English book to be issued by Henry Holt & Co. under the new law will be Mona Caird's 'Romance of the Moors,' the scene of which is said to be laid in Yorkshire.

Nearly 8000 sets of the steel-plate engravings illustrating the new edition of Webster's Unabridged—the International—have been supplied by G. & C. Merriam & Co. to George Bell & Sons, the London agents of the work.

Longmans, Green & Co. will publish on Oct. 15 a collection of musical essays by Mr. W. J. Henderson, the well-known musical critic of the *Times*. There will be four main divisions in the work, each being sub-divided (except the last) into several chapters. The titles of the divisions indicate the nature of the work. They are 'A Study of "Der Ring des Nibelungen,"' 'Wagneriana,' 'The Evolution of Piano Music' and 'Robert Schumann and the Programme Symphony.' The title of the work will probably be 'Preludes and Etudes.'

Mr. Daniel S. Appleton, son of the late Daniel S. Appleton, has succeeded his father as a member of the firm of D. Appleton & Co., of which Col. Daniel Appleton has been a member for several years.

A dramatization of 'The Leavenworth Case' by its author, Anna Katharine Green, has been accepted by Mr. Joseph Haworth, and will be produced in Chicago or New York early in the fall. The play was written while the author (Mrs. Rohlf) was abroad last year. The entire story of the long book has been condensed into a two and one half hours' performance by the transposition of incidents, and with the aid of special scenery designed by the author.

Miss McClelland's new story is issued by S. H. Moore & Co. without a title. Prizes aggregating \$500 are offered to purchasers of the book for the best title suggested by them.

An *édition de luxe* of Carlyle's 'French Revolution' has been undertaken by Porter & Coates, who intend to illustrate it with sixty photogravures. The large-paper edition will comprise 250 copies.

The United States Book Co., the authorized publishers of Rudyard Kipling in this country, are issuing a complete collection of his works. They have already published 'Plain Tales from the Hills,' 'Soldiers Three,' 'The Phantom Rickshaw,' 'Departmental Ditties,' 'Under the Deodars,' 'The Story of the Gadsbys' and 'The Light that Failed.' His new volume, 'Mine Own People,' is published in England under the name 'Life's Handicap.' Blanche Willis Howard's new book, which the same house will shortly publish, is to be called 'A Battle and a Boy.'

Mr. Howells's 'April Hopes' reappears from the Harper press in paper covers; so also does Mr. Prime's popular 'I go a-Fishing.'

Charles Scribner's Sons will issue in rapid succession their University Extension Manuals, including 'Money: Its Use and Abuse,' by W. Cunningham; 'The Fine Arts,' by Prof. Baldwin Brown; 'English Colonization and Empire,' by A. Caldecott; 'The Study of Animal Life,' by I. Arthur Thompson; 'Physiography,' by H. R. Mill; and 'The Philosophy of the Beautiful,' by Prof. Knight of the University of St. Andrews.

In Appleton's Town and Country Library will be issued at once a new novel by Miss Beatrice Whitney, author of 'The Awakening of Mary Fenwick.'

The Century Co. have in preparation three works originating in their magazine—namely, Mr. George Kennan's 'Siberia, and the Exile System,' in two volumes; Amelia Gere Mason's 'Women of the French Salons'; and W. W. Rockhill's Tibetan book of travels, 'The Land of the Lamas.'

Dr. Frédéric Louis Ritter, director of music at Vassar College, is reported dead, in a cablegram dated Antwerp, July 6. He went abroad, apparently in perfect health, on June 17. He was born at Strassburg in 1834, came to America (Cincinnati) in 1856, removed to New York in 1861, and received his appointment at Vassar in 1867—the year in which he organized the first musical festival

ever held in this city. He was a prolific composer, and the author of the following works:—'A History of Music in the Form of Lectures' (1870-74), 'Music in England' (1883), 'Music in America' (1883), 'Manual of Musical History, from the Epoch of Ancient Greece to Our Present Time' (1886), 'Musical Dictation' (1888) and 'Practical Method for the Instruction of Chorus Classes.' Dr. Ritter's wife, Fanny Raymond Ritter, is well-known as an author and translator of works on musical subjects.

—During the past year 22,017 persons visited the birthplace of Shakespeare, as compared with 12,300 in 1880. The year shows a balance of over \$1500 to the credit of the birthplace.

—*The Christian Union*, which recently celebrated its twenty-first birthday, appeared on the Fourth of July in a new form and with a largely increased number of pages, printed on heavier paper and from new type. Hitherto this admirable weekly has appealed more persuasively to the mind than to the eye: from this time on it will affect the senses of sight and touch no less pleasantly than it impresses the intelligence. Its editorial staff, which remains unchanged, comprises Dr. Lyman Abbott and his associate, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie; Mrs. Lillian W. Betts, Mr. R. D. Townsend, Mr. Charles B. Spahr and Mr. Lawrence Abbot. Its illustrations appear to great advantage on the heavy pages, and altogether it makes as handsome a showing as any weekly paper in America. Having just come of age and found a permanent home in the new Clinton Hall, it should enter upon a period of full and deserved prosperity.

—One service American publishers in England may do the British public—says *The Publishers' Circular* of London,—they may make it better acquainted with American literature. Mr. Lowell and Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes and Mr. Howells and Mr. James and Mr. Crawford we know—at least by reputation, as the pious Scotch wife knew Satan. But of the younger generation of writers, what knowledge have we? There are first-rate writers in America of whom even the select section of the English public that takes an intelligent interest in books has never heard.

—In a glass case at Bowdoin College, Prof. George T. Little keeps the copy of Horace used by Longfellow when a student there sixty-eight years ago. It has the poet's signature on the first leaf, opposite the fading autograph of Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, '24, husband of the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

—Sir Charles Dilke has deposited his collection of Keats relics, including books of holograph poems and notes, letters to and from, and other matter, in the Chelsea Public Library.

—The memoirs of Von Moltke, to fill several volumes, will contain a family history, written by himself; a number of documents relating to his youth and his travels; his own notes about his life at Kreisau, and his confession of faith, written down shortly before his death; several essays; a brief history of the War of 1870-71; personal correspondence; speeches; and reminiscences and stories of his life, communicated by friends. The volumes will be published simultaneously in Germany, England and America.

—The Free Public Library of Jersey City, containing nearly 16,000 volumes, was opened on Monday morning for the distribution of books for home reading. Some 300 periodicals are kept in the reading-room.

—The executors and trustees of the estate of the late ex-Mayor William B. Ogden have selected the University of Chicago, William R. Harper, Ph.D., President, as the recipient of 70 per cent. of the moneys set apart in the will for charitable purposes. The money is to found and endow a school for original scientific research, to be known as the Ogden Scientific School of the University of Chicago. The exact amount is not now ascertainable, as litigation is pending over the clause of Mr. Ogden's will under which the appropriation will be made; but it is expected to be not less than \$300,000 and perhaps more than \$500,000.

—'The Preparation of Advertisements,' a useful little 'manual of practical hints for general and retail advertisers,' prepared by various hands and edited by Mr. John Irving Romer, editor of *Printer's Ink*, has been issued by George P. Rowell & Co.

The founding of the great publishing-house of Levy is said to have been due to a suggestion of Rachel, the actress. Michel Levy early divined the literary qualities of M. Renan, who signed an agreement with him which he often regretted afterwards. Flaubert was paid only \$800 for the copyright of 'Madame Bovary.' As soon as Levy got rich, he went to live in the Champs Elysées. He was hospitable, and one met at his table Guizot, Lamartine, the Orleans Princes, Emile Augier, the Duc de Broglie, Renan, Georges Sand and Flaubert. When he died he left a very large fortune to his brother Calmann, who died the other day, after having greatly increased the business. The average output of his presses for some

years was 1,724,000 volumes. The issue of periodicals which he published amounted to 2,500,000 copies a year. He kept going fourteen paper mills, thirty printing-houses, three paper-glossing factories, thirteen binding-houses and eighty-two workshops for black and white designs.

—Mr. Horace E. Scudder has sufficiently recovered from his long illness to resume his duties as editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

—Mr. James Runciman, a constant contributor to the leading English magazines and reviews, is dead. He was master of a clear, incisive style, and was a critic of much ability. His attack upon Mr. Rider Haggard attracted considerable attention some time ago.

—The late Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby was a firm believer in the higher education of women. Nine years ago, at a dinner of the Alumni of the University of the City of New York, he said:—

Why should not our University take the initiative in this city in furnishing to women the full advantages of a college curriculum? I do not favor co-education in its ordinary form. But why may not the morning be given to the young men and the afternoon to young women, in the same rooms, under the same instructors, with the same apparatus and under the same system of honors and degrees?

—F. Anstey's 'Black Poodle' was translated and published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1883; yet a few weeks ago the author found in a shop in Paris a little book called 'Le Caniche Noir,' in which his own black poodle figured again. Says *The Saturday Review*:—

The scene was changed from England to France; the poodle's master was now an Italian, not a Frenchman. There were other variations on the theme, but the poodle was Mr. Anstey's old poodle; his adventure was the same. Mr. Anstey then wrote a letter, in French, to the French author, signing not with his 'pen-name,' but with his patronymic. He congratulated M. X. on his *originalité vraiment extraordinaire*. He asked permission to render 'Le Caniche Noir' into English, assuring him that he felt capable of making this translation in a sympathetic manner. The French author answered, in English, and with modesty, that he did not think his book deserved the praises liberally heaped upon it by Mr. Anstey. 'About your demand of adaptation, I am sorry to tell you that I am my own translator, and that the "Caniche Noir" exists in English already.'

—Circular No. 4 of Leland Stanford, Jr., University contains the announcement of the Faculty and an outline of the courses of study for the first year. The former includes the names of President David Starr Jordan, of Dr. Andrew D. White and John Henry Comstock, non-resident Professors, of fourteen resident Professors, and of eight Assistant Professors, etc. The courses announced for 1891-2 are subject to modification.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1630.—Who wrote, and where has been published the song of which I quote the first four lines?

He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long.

HOPE, ARKANSAS.

J. D. M.

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Alarcón, P. A. de. <i>Brunhilde</i> . Tr. by Mrs. F. J. A. Darr. \$1.....	A. Lovell & Co.
Arkansas. School Report. 1889-90.....	Little Rock, Ark.
Baldwin, Mary R. <i>Around Branton</i> . \$1.....	Hunt & Eaton.
Blackie, J. S. <i>Greek Primer</i> . 60c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Bourne, H. R. F. <i>Other Side of Emin Pasha Relief Expedition</i> . London: Chatto & Windus.	
Duchochols, P. C. <i>Photographic Reproduction Processes</i> . \$1.....	Scovill & Adams Co.
Dyer, L. <i>Studies of the Gods in Greece</i> . \$2.50.....	Macmillan & Co.
Iowa. School Report. 1890.....	Des Moines, Iowa.
Knight, E. F. <i>Save Me from my Friends</i> . \$1.50.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
MacQuarry, H. <i>Defence Against Charges of Heresy</i>	U. S. Book Co.
Musick, J. R. <i>Story of the Discovery of America</i>	Worthington Co.
Nevada. School Report. 1889-90.....	Carson City, Nev.
O'Connor, J. F. X. <i>Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga</i>	St. Francis Xavier College.
Prickard, A. O. <i>Aristotle on the Art of Poetry</i> . \$1.....	Macmillan & Co.
Russell, G. W. E. Rt.-Hon. W. E. Gladstone.....	Harper & Bros.
Sanday, W. <i>Oracles of God</i> . \$1.50.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
St. Mark. Gospel. Ed. by R. J. Wood.....	London: Moffatt & Paige.
South Carolina. School Report. 1890.....	Columbia, S. C.
Texas. School Report. 1889-90.....	Austin, Tex.
Virgil's <i>Eucolics</i> . Ed. by T. E. Page. 40c.....	Macmillan & Co.
West Virginia. School Report. 1889-90.....	Charleston, W. Va.
Williams, Mrs. H. L. <i>The Ice Book</i> . 50c.....	De Witt Pub. House.

Summer Reading.

The appearance of the first novel of so popular a story-writer as Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, is a literary event of unusual importance. It is a welcome addition to the list of first-class American fiction, and it amply fulfils the promise of his charming short stories. The title of the story is "On Newfound River"; the scene, Virginia before the war; and the characters, the typical ones common to the time and place. It is a delightful romance. The heroine is sweet and the hero brave. The scenes and incidents are admirable—idyllic, pathetic and dramatic. It abounds in shrewd character sketches, and has a plot that steadily engages attention. Altogether it is a distinctly strong piece of fiction, and one of the best novels issued of late years. (Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.00.)

A collection of tales full of merit and promise is "Gallegher and Other Stories," by the young editor of *Harper's Weekly* Mr. Richard Harding Davis. The field covered is New York City, and with its various phases of life Mr. Davis shows great familiarity, together with ready appreciation of the dramatic, pathetic and humorous elements of human nature in all classes of life. His stories have much of the charm and power of Dickens' descriptions, while there is a finish in the rounding of each theme that suggests the French masters of fiction. Their pathos is deep and true, their humor fine and genuine, and their human nature realistic in the best sense of the word. (Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.)

Mr. H. C. Bunner is always a charming story-teller, so gracefully finished and effective, and in "Zadoc Pine and Other Stories," one finds a new collection of tales that will delight this author's many admirers. They are full of homely human interest, with sharp insight into the motives and feelings that animate our modern life in town and country, all buoyed by a delicate charm of gentle humor and geniality that makes them unique. (Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.)

The many readers who found Mr. Frank Stockton's "Rudder Grangers" so entertaining on first acquaintance with them on the old boat, will find them no less so in the author's new book entitled "Rudder Grangers Abroad." It will be eagerly sought by all the old friends of Euphemia, Pomona, and Jonas, who will experience renewed delight in this continuation of the droll and

mirth-provoking adventures of that unique family. The volume also contains several other new and capital short stories by Mr. Stockton. They are in his best vein—bright, cheery, and irresistibly humorous. (Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, clo., \$1.25; pp., 50 cts.)

For a leisure summer hour no better companion could be chosen than Mr. T. A. Janvier's "Color Studies and a Mexican Campaign." It was the charming sketches known as "Color Studies" that first won Mr. Janvier distinction as an author, and all readers will welcome gladly this reissue of them, containing an additional story of considerable length in which the same characters continue their adventures in Mexico. Mr. Janvier's sketches of character are delightfully unpretentious, full of genuine humor, and always true to life. (Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.)

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